

APRIL 29, 1871.]

That he was very fond of her, in a sort of way, she never doubted. That she was fond of him—yes, that also was true. She could not help it. He was so good; he made her so happy. Many a man is deeply attached to a woman—wife or sister—whom he yet entirely fails in making happy. He thinks too much of himself, too little of her. But Bernard was a different kind of man. That sweet sunshininess of nature, that generous self-forgetfulness, that constant protecting tenderness—more demonstrative in deeds than words—qualities so rare in men, and so precious when found, were his to perfection. He was not brilliantly clever; and he had many little faults; rashness, bursts of wrath, sudden, childish, fantastic humors, followed by pathetic contrition; but he was intensely lovable. Hannah had told him truly when she said—oh, how hot she grew when she recalled it!—“that it was a blessing to live with him,” for every body whom he lived with he contrived to make happy. “Oh, we have been so happy together,” Rosa had sighed, almost with her last breath. And Rosa's sister, in the bitter pang which seemed like death—for it must surely result in a parting as complete—could have said the same.

Yes, of course she must go away. There seemed to her at first no other alternative. She must quit the House on the Hill the very next day. This not alone for her own sake. It was, as Bernard had once said, truly a house on a hill, exposed to every comment, a beacon and example to every eye. No cloud of suspicion must be suffered to rest upon it—not for a day, an hour. She would run away at once.

And yet, was that the act of innocence—did it look like innocence? Was it not much more like the impulse of cowardly guilt? And if she did run, could she take Rosie with her?

Then poor Hannah at once fell prone, crushed by a weight of misery greater than she could bear. To go away and leave her child behind! All Easterham might be howling at her, but she could never do that. Life without Rosie—the old, blank, sunless, childless life—she could not endure it. It would kill her at once. Better a thousand times stay on here, strong in her innocence, and let Easterham do and say its worst. For she had done no wrong, and, come what would, she had been happy. This sense of happiness, never stronger than a few hours ago, when she and Bernard were taking together that innocent-guilty walk, and finding out more than ever the deep, true harmony of soul, which, in spite of their great differences of character, existed between them, seemed to wrap her up, close and warm, her only shelter against the bitter outside blast.

What would her brother-in-law say? She could not act for herself alone; the position was as cruel for him as for her. She must think of him too, and wait for his opinion, whatever it might be. And then she became conscious how completely she had learned to look to Bernard's opinion, to lean upon his judgment, to consult his tastes, to make him, in short, for these many months, what no man who is neither her relative nor her lover ought to be to any woman—the one primary object of her life.

Utterly bewildered, half frightened, and unable to come to the slightest conclusion, Hannah, after lying awake half the night, fell heavily asleep, nor wakened till the sound of little feet in her room, and the shrill, joyous cry—as sweet as the song of a lark springing up into the morning air over a clover-field—“Tannie, Tannie! Wake up, Tannie!” dispersed in a moment all the cloudy despondencies of the night.

Tennyson knew human nature well when he made the rejected lover say,

“My latest rival brings thee rest:  
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.”

That is, they press out every image unholy, or painful, or despairing. Such can not long exist in any heart that is filled with a child. Hannah had sometimes read in novels of women who were mothers falling in love, and with other men than their own husbands; kissing their babies in their innocent cradles, and then flying from lawful homes to homes unlawful. All these stories seemed to her then very dreadful, very tragical, but not quite impossible. Now, since she had had Rosie, they almost did seem impossible. How a woman once blessed with a child could ever think of any man alive she could not comprehend.

Hannah had not held her little niece beside her for five minutes—feasting her eyes on the loving, merry face, and playing all the funny little games which Rosie and Tannie were so grand at when together—before all the agony of last night became as unreal as last night's dreams. This was the real thing—the young life intrusted to her care—the young soul growing up under the shelter of her love. She rose and dressed for breakfast, feeling that with the child in her arms she could face the whole world.

Ay, her brother-in-law included; though this was a hard thing. She would not have been a woman not to have found it hard. And if he decided that she must stay—that, strong in their innocence, they must treat Dixon's malicious insolence as mere insolence, no more, and make no change whatever in their way of life—still, how doubly difficult that life would be! To meet day after day at table and fireside; to endure, not in cheerful ignorance, but painful consciousness, the stare of all suspicious eyes, especially of their own household, who had heard them so wickedly accused, and seen—they must have seen!—how deep the wound had gone. It would be dreadful—almost unbearable.

And then—with regard to their two selves! Bernard was—Hannah knew it, felt it—one of the purest-hearted of men. Living in the house with him was like living with a woman; nay, not all women had his delicacy of feeling. Frank and familiar as his manner was—or had been till

lately—he never was free with her—never caressed her; nothing but the ordinary shake of the hand had ever passed between them, even though he was her brother-in-law. Hannah liked this reserve; she was not used to kissing; as people in large families are, as the Moat House girls were; it had rather surprised her to see the way they all hung about young Mr. Melville. But, even though in their daily conduct to one another, private and public, she and Bernard could never be impeached, still the horrible possibility of being watched—watched and suspected—and that both knew it was so, was enough to make the relations between them so painful, that she hardly knew how she should bear it.

Even this morning her foot lingered on the stair, and that bright breakfast-room, with its pleasant morning greeting, seemed a sort of purgatory that she would have escaped if she could.

She did escape it, for it was empty of every body but Webb, the butler, whom she saw hovering about, near, suspiciously near, to an open note, or rather a scrap of paper, left on the table, open—was it intentionally open?—for any body's perusal.

“Master has just gone off to the railway in the dog-cart, Miss Thelluson. He left me this bit of paper, with an apology to you, saying he was in a great hurry, and hadn't time to write more, or he would miss the London train.”

“He has gone to London?” said Hannah, with a great sense of relief, and yet of pain.

“Yes, miss, I think so; but the note says—”

Then Webb had gratified his curiosity by reading the paper.

Any body might have read it, certainly. It might have been printed in the *Times* newspaper, or declared by the Easterham town-crier for the benefit of the small public at the market-place. And yet Hannah's eyes read it eagerly, and her heart beat as she did so in a way that no sight of Bernard's familiar handwriting had ever made it beat before.

“DEAR SISTER HANNAH,—I am away to town to visit a sick friend, and am obliged to start very early. I hope to be back by Sunday, but do not expect me till you see me. Give papa's love to his little Rosie, and believe me, your affectionate brother,  
“BERNARD RIVERS.”

“Perhaps you will kindly call at the Moat House to-day, and tell them I am gone?”

### WRITING.

UNFORTUNATELY, a very large proportion of “educated women” fall far short of Tim Linkinwater's estimate of good writing. We continually see advertisements of ladies who can write a good hand, and wish for work in copying manuscripts. But the ideas of the employer and the copyist often differ widely about what is a good hand. One lady's “good hand” is all peaks and angles, another's all scrawling dashes, while the sins of undotted i's and uncrossed t's are legion; not to speak of errors in spelling, by no means infrequent. The luckless employer is driven to distraction by the labor of deciphering, to which is sometimes added the labor of correction; and he finally throws down the ill-done work, with a pardonable sneer at the incapacity of women for any thing but dress. Of course she gets no further work from him. Disappointment all to both employer and copyist.

Now to write an ugly hand may be called a misfortune, if you will; but to write an illegible hand is a crime against society; and the angular hand and the scrawly hand are almost always irritatingly illegible.

Every one who chooses may write legibly. Every one who chooses can form each letter distinctly, can make a difference between n and u, between e and c—can dot i's and cross t's; therefore no educated woman who wishes for employment as an amanuensis or copyist can be excused for writing badly. She ought to be able to write letters and copy manuscripts clearly and legibly; if she can not, she has only herself to blame.

To those who feel their deficiency, and wish to improve, here are a few hints.

Write two or three copies every day in a very large hand.

Look at your copy upside down, when the turns of the letters should appear as well shaped as they did when you looked at them the right way. Thus, let the letters nu, when turned upside down, make a good clear mi, only wanting the addition of the dot to the i.

Never leave an i to be dotted or a t to be crossed till you have finished the line or sentence. Dot your i's and cross your t's when you finish the word, at latest.

Remember that the lines of legibility in writing, as of beauty in nature, are all curved. Angular writing is never pretty, seldom legible.

Never indulge in making overlong tails to g's, q's, y's, or overlong heads to l's, t's, and similar letters, running them into the upper or under line. Indulge not in turns, curls, or flourishes of any kind.

Study to make your writing compact without being cramped; free without straggling. To write rather upright than otherwise contributes to the union of compactness and freedom.

Never imitate another person's writing under the idea that it is prettier than your own. Many a girl has spoiled a good handwriting in this way. Let your handwriting form itself from free, bold copy-writing; and let it be thoroughly your own.

Cultivate the power of writing quickly, because it will probably be a necessity to you, certainly an advantage. But eschew hurry. Legibility must never be sacrificed to speed. And hurry is sure sooner or later to push legibility on one side. You must be content to make legibility your first object, and to leave the speed of illegibility to wealthier travelers on life's road.

You will, of course, be obliged sometimes to hurry. But beware of getting a habit of writing hurriedly. It may answer in the beginning, but take care lest some day you find the habit of hurry left, the work gone.

Dirty, blotted paper mars good writing. Therefore be neat and clean in your writing. If you have much writing to do quickly, you will find sand answer better for drying it than blotting-paper; less liable to leave blots. Neatness and cleanliness in her writing is absolutely necessary to the woman who wishes to be an amanuensis.

Copy carefully a page or two of some book every day, paying strict attention to the above hints, and you will be surprised to find how much you will have improved your writing even at the end of one month.

### SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

OCCASIONALLY there are those who recognize in the sick poor a want beyond food and clothing and medical attendance—a want even outside of religious comfort and counsel. What it must be to lie day after day in a hospital ward—with all absolute bodily wants supplied, no doubt, but without the loving words of family friends, without any thing to draw the mind from pain and suffering—none can know but those who have experienced it. A very pleasant surprise was recently given to the inmates of Bellevue by the reception of a collection of lithographs and chromos, donated by a lady of this city, to be placed upon the walls of the wards. The wish was that “the sight of these pictures might make the sick for a moment forget their sufferings.” The pictures were tasteful and attractive, and, when placed upon the walls, the delight of the poor inmates would have been an ample reward to the donor could she have witnessed it.

During the week ending September 24, 1870, the number of deaths in Paris were 1272; during the week ending February 24, 1871, the number was 3941. The mortality was the greatest the week ending February 3, being 4671. The total number of deaths in Paris from September 18 to February 24 was 64,154.

It gives a little idea of the scarcity of necessities of life during the siege of Paris to know that late in February there were in pawn at the *Mont de Piété* no less than 1,100,000 articles. Among these were 2000 glove-maker's scissors, 400 sewing-machines, tools of various descriptions, a large number of mattresses, and musical instruments belonging to those who composed the orchestra of small theatres.

There is no better way to preserve health in the spring than to eat fresh green vegetables moderately every day. These have a tendency to purify the blood. The quantity of meat eaten may safely be diminished toward the approach of warm weather. Many cases of sickness are caused by eating too heartily at a season when the diet should be lightened.

The census of Great Britain and Ireland is taken in a very different way from the census of the United States. The whole matter comes to a crisis on one day. April 2 was the appointed day this year. During the previous week a printed form was ordered to be left with the occupier of every house or separate lodging, who, under a penalty, was bound to fill it up correctly with the name, age, and certain other particulars concerning every person abiding with him at the close of that day. These forms were to be collected on the following day, and corrected by the enumerators if found erroneous. The published census will be issued about the beginning of June. The cost of making it is paid out of the royal Exchequer.

Plans for the new Lenox Library have been approved and decided upon, and work will be commenced at once under the auspices of the Lenox Library Association. The site of the building is on Fifth Avenue, between Seventy-first and Seventy-second streets. It is to be three stories high, built of Lockport limestone, and provided with every modern convenience.

A new bear story comes from Maine, which, if true, is strange. In the town of Burnham a little girl of nine had been to visit a neighbor about half a mile distant, and was returning home, when she was startled by seeing a huge bear about six rods distant. She, being very much frightened, started to run, but on discovering that the bear gave chase, she stopped, and, seizing a club, confronted the bear, which also stopped, sitting back upon his haunches, and displayed his paws in a very playful manner. The little girl ran toward him, club in hand, shouting at him at the same time, when old Bruin took to his heels for the woods, leaving her master of the field. A rare instance of heroism and presence of mind in a child.

The following recipe for salad-dressing has been sent to us by a lady, with the assurance that it has been exceedingly popular in her own family. As we know of its having been approved by others also, we can recommend our readers to try it:

Mix a table-spoonful of dry mustard and a heaping tea-spoonful of salt to a stiff paste, with a little vinegar. Into this beat thoroughly one raw egg. Then pour in best olive-oil, about a wine-glassful at a time, stirring it in each time till quite smooth, before adding more. Continue this till half a large bottle (or a generous half-pint) of oil has been used, when the mixture ought to be thick, like cake batter. Add Cayenne pepper to suit the taste, and a wine-glassful of vinegar, stirring the whole till perfectly homogeneous. Keep in a cool place, in a closely covered jar.

This dressing is more convenient than the ordinary kinds, as it can be prepared beforehand, used as required, and what remains will keep until again needed. Moreover, the physician of the lady who sent it pronounces it an excellent substitute for cod-liver oil!

The ice-making machines will stand idle during the coming summer, if the general report is correct that the supply now stored up will far exceed the demand for ice. However, it is never amiss to use careful economy. Custom-ers should ascertain, by weighing, as soon as

delivered, that the fair amount of ice is given them. If in one piece, it will last longer than if in two. A woolen cloth wrapped around it before it is placed in the refrigerator will greatly retard the melting. Refrigerators should be perfectly tight, and the water allowed to run off freely.

About twelve hundred species of birds from North and South America are included in the valuable collections of the museum of Vassar College.

Fossil ivory, in immense quantities, is said to exist in Alaska. It is excellent in quality, and worth about one dollar a pound in San Francisco. This is well, since, according to statistics, the cost to the United States government of the occupation of Alaska is over nine thousand dollars a month, besides supplies.

The salmon fisheries of Alaska are believed to be inexhaustible. Last year 1100 barrels were taken with nets around Sitka Bay, and 700 barrels around Prince of Wales Island. Arrangements have been made to take 2000 barrels in the latter vicinity this year.

A lady of Cumminsville, Ohio, has recently become violently insane, and her friends have been forced to send her to an asylum. Her misfortune is attributed to the use of nitrous oxide, or laughing-gas, administered to her a few weeks ago by an inexperienced dentist. The lady is of a very nervous temperament.

A very Western story comes from Quincy, Illinois, to the effect that two mothers were traveling in the cars, each with an infant about four months old; that each mother, having occasion to leave her seat, deposited her baby carefully on the seat; that each returning, mistook her seat and her baby, and traveled twenty-two miles, each unconsciously nursing the wrong child; and that the mistake was only rectified when one of the ladies was leaving the car, and the conductor, who had noticed the exchange, called her attention to the fact. This makes a very good story to tell—its only fault being that it is highly improbable, as every mother in the world would testify.

Paper is used for car-wheels now. On the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad the Pullman Car Company have wheels with steel tires and cast-iron hubs, into which paper is introduced in the way of filling under the tires for the purpose of deadening the sound and diminishing the force of concussion. These paper wheels, as they are called, have been running regularly since July last, and are still in good order.

On the supposition that France may, at the first opportunity, assail Italy, it is proposed that Rome and Civita Vecchia be protected as soon as possible, that the mountain passes toward France be fortified, and that the fortifications of Alessandria and Spezzia be increased. The immediate outlay for these works is estimated at 151,000,000 francs, and twice that amount will be needed for the completion of the work. The *Nazione* of Florence queries whether it is worth while to spend so much in fortifications, when it is evident that the fortifications of Paris have contributed very little to the safety.

The Church of the Messiah, recently destroyed in Brooklyn by fire, was a new edifice, and considered one of the finest in the city. The loss is estimated at \$100,000.

Boston has freely distributed 19,988 gallons of soup during the past season. The soup has been of most excellent quality, and 96,723 persons had a share of it.

One day the Crown Prince of Prussia invited Mr. Odo Russell to breakfast at Les Ombages, and afterward drove him out to Valerien and St. Cloud. An enthusiastic officer gave Mr. Russell a lecture on shells, and was good enough to proceed to screw out the fuse of the largest French shell in the magazine to show how it worked. “Of course the shell is empty?” said Mr. Russell. “Oh dear, no, quite charged and ready,” replied the officer, screwing vigorously, a proceeding which must have greatly contributed to the comfort of the visitors. General Von Blumenthal has ordered that the unexploded shells, of which there are many, should be buried in holes three feet deep.

Between three and four thousand children attending the public schools in this city have already been vaccinated. A large proportion of these were secondary vaccinations, as the law forbids any teacher or pupil to be in the public schools who has not been vaccinated. It is stated that out of 685 children who were vaccinated in one school, in all but 84 cases the vaccination was successful.

We knew there were several methods of pronouncing the name of that populous Western city—Chicago; but were not aware, until lately, of the various orthographies which had come into use. The last, and certainly the most stylish, is taken from a letter which recently passed through the post-office, directed to “Schichagough, Illinois.” It was promptly forwarded to Schicago.

The Kelly Library owes its existence to a generous gift of money made to the Cornell University by the Hon. William Kelly, of Rhinebeck. The sum thus given has now been, in great part, expended, and the result is a collection of mathematical works surpassed, in this country, by only two or three similar libraries. The library occupies, temporarily, a room of the South University. Its catalogue, which will probably be published during the present year, already embraces upward of one thousand titles. The volumes are well bound, and in each one a book-mark records the name of the generous donor and the date of his gift. They have been purchased principally through the agents of the university at London, Berlin, and Paris, and, in many instances, at extraordinarily low prices. Two or three cases are still expected from Germany, and one from England, the arrival of which will materially add to the treasures of the collection.





THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.



THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.—[SEE PAGE 265.]



# PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

See illustration on page 264.

IN view of the general interest felt in the marriage of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, we devote a considerable part of our paper this week to illustrations of this important historical event. As it is the first instance for some five centuries—since the reign of Edward III.—of the daughter of a living crowned head

of the sovereign has been held necessary to the legality of a marriage between a member of the royal family and a subject. In the present instance this consent has been cordially given—as, indeed, why should it not have been? The Marquis of Lorne, the son of the Duke of Argyll, is the representative of one of the oldest and proudest families of Scotland, which has intermarried again and again with the royalty of Scotland, and shone pre-eminent in historic ages when the name of Guelph was scarce heard;

## WAITING FOR THE BRIDE.

IN this pretty picture we see the eight bride-maids of the Princess Louise assembled at Windsor waiting for the arrival of the bride. This bevy of beauties all bear historic names. They are: Lady Constance Seymour, daughter of the Marquis of Hertford; Lady Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of the Duke of Argyll, and sister of the bridegroom; Lady Florence Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond; Lady Mary Butler,

white enamel, presented to them by the Princess Louise, and illustrated on page 269 of the present Number.

## ROMANCING.

THERE is in many a converser a looseness of statement that throws all he says into a sort of debatable land. He has been telling us things as facts which are not facts, but whether he lies or not depends on the state of his own mind,



THE WEDDING OF PRINCESS LOUISE AT WINDSOR—WAITING FOR THE BRIDE.

marrying a subject, it is worthy, indeed, of all the attention it excites. Since the sister of Henry VIII., the Princess Mary, married Charles Brandon, after the death of her husband, the French king, Louis XII., much to her royal brother's indignation, no English princess, under any circumstances, has ventured thus to cross the pale which separates the royalty from the nobility. So strict are the rules, indeed, that hedge in the divinity of royalty in England, that for the last century the consent

and it is difficult to see why the alliance should not have been deemed as honorable on one side as the other. The Princess Louise is reputed to be a young lady of literary and artistic tastes, and very lovable in character. We hope that she will ennoble her new position, and that the future Duchess of Argyll will distinguish herself as much by her good works as the Princess Louise has done in setting at naught the prejudices of a senseless conventionality by marrying the man of her choice.

daughter of the Marquis of Ormond; Lady Alice Fitzgerald, daughter of the Marquis of Kildare; Lady Grace Gordon, daughter of the Marquis of Huntley; Lady Florence Montagu, daughter of the Earl of Sandwich; and Lady Agatha Russell, daughter of Earl Russell.

The bride-maids' dresses were of white glacé silk, trimmed with satin and a tunic of gossamer and fringe; cerise roses, white heather, and ivy, with wreath to correspond. Each wore the pretty crystal locket, decorated with blue and

whether it is capable of lying, which, to deserve the term, is always a deliberate act. This is called romancing, in which the speaker may be more mystified than his audience. He allows himself, undoubtedly, a sort of liberty which can hardly have been first contracted without design, but which, once fixing into a habit, renders severe truth impossible. Some minds are conscious of a keen delight in emancipation from hampering truth, when once satisfied of the expediency or necessity of departing from it. The



romancing faculty generally, to which we owe so much, needs looking after, or it is apt to accompany a man into the common road of life. A plain man can hardly get over the figments which authors permit themselves in the matter of their works. Some observers have even noticed that inherited imagination is prone to indulge itself in the field of real life, that the children of novel-writers are under a special temptation to subtleties which mislead more matter-of-fact intelligences.

### HER HAND.

NEXT to her spirit-like face—  
Or I almost would rank it before—  
Is my beautiful lady's glorious hand,  
Beckoning on, like a magic wand,  
To Love's own exquisite fairy-land  
Upon Phantasy's golden shore.

Veil it, oh, never veil!  
Even with the delicate glove!  
Its beauties unadorned must be,  
That I may study my palmystry,  
And in its whiteness an emblem see  
Of my lady's heart of love.

Garnish with never a ring  
Even of gems most rare;  
'Twere to gild the gold from Nature's mint,  
Man's image in place of God's to print,  
The painted lily's hues to tint,  
To bedeck those fingers fair.

### SISTER ANNIE.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

"ANNIE dear, we are going to have a visitor to-day, and I think you will be glad to see him. It's my old school-fellow and chum at Oxford, Syl Parnell."

"I'm very glad, George. I remember his name, I think. Is he nice?"

"Oh yes, a charming fellow. At least, he used to be. He pulled stroke in our boat; a regular stunning fellow he was. A clever fellow too; and so quick! He used to coach me up in my Greek, I remember, in a wonderful sort of way. I haven't seen him for a long time; I did not quite know what had become of him."

"Didn't you ever write to each other?"

"Yes; he wrote to me once from China, and I think I answered his letter—in fact, I know I must have answered it."

"And this is the friendship of man!" exclaimed Annie, affecting to look tragic and appalled.

"Well, you know, Annie, men don't write to each other as girls do. I couldn't sit down and write pages of paper to Sylvester Parnell as you do to Julia Carbery. But we are just as warm in our friendship, and I dare say a good deal more steady. I shall be as glad to see Syl Parnell to-day as if we had never been separated."

"How did you hear from him, George? When did he—"

"Turn up, you were going to say."

"Well, yes, turn up, if you like. When did he turn up?"

"He wrote to me the other day from Southampton to say that he had come back to England and meant to settle in Europe. I wrote off at once, asking him to come here instantly and see us, and he is coming to-day; and, my dear Annie, I want you to do every thing in the world to make him happy."

"Dear George, do you think I could fail—to try my best, at least?"

"I wonder if he is married?" George suddenly said. "His letter told me nothing about that. Do you know, Annie, Syl and I were the most romantic pair of fellows in the world, and we used to confide to each other our heart-secrets and distresses in quite a Byronic sort of way; and it so happened that the same grand misery afflicted both of us alike."

"Both crossed in love, George, or both in love with the same girl, who would not have either of you?"

"No, dear, nothing of the kind—quite the reverse, in fact. The misfortune was that neither of us could find any one to fall in love with, and we used to groan over our blighted and barren existence by the hour together. I have sat up with Syl Parnell until daybreak, exchanging revelations of our dreams and hopes and longings, and what not, and wondering who was to be 'the fair, the not impossible she,' destined to make each of us happy, and realize our fond aspirations."

"Poor fellows!"

"Yes, you may well pity us—or me, at least. Look at me, Annie; look at this grizzled, grim old foggy! This was once a bright, romantic youth, sweet sister—when you were in your nurse's arms, child—and he had poetry in him, and love, and all that kind of splendid nonsense. And no woman would fall in love with me, and so I am an old bachelor. Look on the ruin your sex has made in me, dear, and do penance for your sisterhood!"

George Denton assumed an attitude of melodramatic appeal. He was a handsome, tall, fair-bearded man. Middle-aged persons would have called him a young man; he was, in fact, just at the time of life when unmarried men begin to talk vauntingly of getting old, having as yet no fear of being really set down as old bachelors. He was about thirty-five. His sister was at least a dozen years younger. She was not, however, very young-looking. She, too, was fair: she was pale, with clear, delicate outlines of face, and large, deep gray eyes, and a certain thoughtfulness of expression, brightened occasionally by sudden and exquisite flashes of light sent from her genial soul. This brother and sister had lost both parents some years before,

and lived together now, Annie keeping house for her brother. They had congenial tastes, and loved each other tenderly, and, indeed, thus far were all in all to each other.

"I wonder if he married?" Annie said, meditatively.

"Oh yes, I should think so; he is sure to have married long ago. He has a warm, loving heart, and I should think he couldn't help himself. Besides, Annie, much reason as I have to complain of your sex, I really don't think so badly of women as to believe there could not be found one at least ready to fall in love with Syl Parnell, and capable of appreciating him."

"Thank you, dear, you are so very kind to us women."

"Yes, he's married; I have no doubt of that. He has left me behind there. I tell you what, though, Annie, he sha'n't have the laugh over me for this evening, at all events; I'll introduce you as my wife! Yes, indeed I will. You shall be Mrs. George Denton! Let me see if he can show half so pretty a wife. Who shall be fairest?"

"Nonsense, George, you won't do any thing of the sort."

"Won't I? See if I don't. And I say, Annie, you must really keep up the joke, just for this evening. I can't stand being rebuked and scorned as an old bachelor all at once; the thing must break itself gently."

The brother and sister lived in a pretty cottage at Twickenham, on the Thames—Pope's Twickenham. "Thou who shalt pass where Thames' translucent wave shines a broad mirror," and so forth, cast a glance along the Twickenham bank, and you will probably see the cottage of the Dentons, for its little lawn runs sheer down to the river, amidst roses and green leaves. And there is a boat moored there, in which George and Annie row of evenings, and sing songs, and are very happy. George Denton was a stock-broker by profession, and a lover of music and of books by nature. He certainly had a dash of the old bachelor about him already; and he loved quiet evenings, and cared little for general society. When business hours were over, his sister and the Thames contented him in the summer evenings; his sister and the bright fire when winter came. He is not the man to make a great fortune, George Denton, but neither is he the man to long for it or to miss it. Meanwhile he is doing moderately well, and his home lacks nothing which refinement needs.

"And now, Syl, old fellow, let me present my wife. Annie, my love, this is my old friend Sylvester Parnell."

Annie blushed a little because of the ridiculous bit of fraud in which George would have her to play a part. This was in the evening when Mr. Parnell had arrived, and she entered the drawing-room and saw him for the first time. For a moment or two she was somewhat confused. Then she recovered herself, and after a few words of welcome she quietly studied her brother's friend.

At first she was disappointed. Mr. Parnell was very distant, and even cold, she thought. His face was dark and, at least in its outlines, somewhat harsh. He was not very young. He made her a profound bow, far too profound for her taste; it was like something on the stage. Then a whimsical idea came into her head that he was like Don Quixote. He certainly was quite unlike the brilliant, romantic, vivid youth George Denton had described to her, and she could not help thinking that Mrs. Parnell—she assumed that there was such a person—must have rather a dull life of it.

During the short delay before the serving of dinner Parnell hardly spoke to Annie Denton; but once or twice, when she looked up suddenly, she found his dark eyes resting on her, and he withdrew his gaze quickly, although without apparent embarrassment. He, then, was evidently studying her.

Only the three were at dinner. None of them wanted the presence of any stranger. Parnell talked freely now of his life, his projects, and prospects, speaking, however, for the most part to George, and not to Annie. He had, it seems, taken orders, but found himself wholly unsuited for the life of a clergyman, and so had engaged in the business of a house in Hong-Kong, and subsequently obtained a consulship there, and lived some years of the dulllest, most monotonous and depressing life, until he could endure it no longer; and having some money put together, he came back to Europe and determined to enjoy at least a year of travel before he made up his mind what next to turn himself to.

"My life has been a singularly worthless and wasted one so far, George," he said, in winding up his story. "I don't very well know what my object is in living at all. I often think of our long midnight talks, and our romantic dreams of the great things we were to do, and the happiness we were to find, and—"

"And the women who were to fall in love with us," George broke in with a smile, which had a dash of melancholy in it.

"And the women who were to fall in love with us, George! Well, old fellow, you, at least, have realized your brightest dream in that way. I congratulate you! I rejoice for you! I envy you!"

He spoke with a depth of earnestness which had truth and force in it, and which touched Annie profoundly. "George is right," she thought; "this man has a great heart."

"And you, Mr. Parnell," she said, gently, "you have not married?" For she now began to see that George was evidently mistaken on that point, at least.

"No, Mrs. Denton, I have not married. Nobody ever cared for me; and, indeed, I never cared for any body in that way. I wish I had."

During the evening there was a good deal of general conversation, and Parnell did really dis-

play, in his quiet, reluctant sort of way, a surprising amount of the most varied knowledge, and a remarkably refined intellect. There was a dash of quaint and melancholy humor about him, which lent a peculiar savor to his conversation. In the East he had lived such a lonely life that he was now positively surprised to find himself so sociable and so full of conversation. The three went into the boat at sunset, and rowed up and down the river until the moon rose, and the foliage along the banks looked dark; and Annie sang, and George sang, and then, at last, Parnell sang too. And they all became quite confidential and happy.

Parnell had the oars at one time, and Annie and George were singing a duet. The rower only gave a light stroke every now and then, just to keep the boat in motion, and for the most part rested on his oars and listened to the music. Annie had drawn closely up to George's side, and George's arm was round her, and her head lay back on his shoulder as she sang. The two faces, the two forms, the strong man with the beautiful, tender girl lying folded in his arms, while their voices blended in music, and the dreamy, silvery softness of a summer moon lighted them—all this presented a picture of love made perfect in happiness, which might have charmed the dullest eye and touched the coldest heart. How was it with the lonely man who had never been loved, who had never loved, whose heart was full of unquenchable yearning and exhaustless capacity for love, and who looked on this picture and believed it to be one of married happiness? It filled him with a blended gladness and pain almost too exquisite to bear—gladness in the love and happiness of his friend—and pain at the bitter contrast to his own bleak and loveless solitude. There came into his mind the words of the saint who mourned over the misery of the lost souls below because they could never love—"And is mine too, then, a lost soul?" thought Sylvester Parnell, and I don't know that there were not tears in his eyes; and he gave quite a fierce stroke of the oars, and sent the little boat skimming along, to the surprise and disturbance of the singers.

The evening passed away in happiness and pain to one, at least, of the group; and before they separated for the night Parnell announced, to the astonishment of his friends, that he must positively leave them the next morning.

"Leave us—after all those many years that you and I have not met!" exclaimed George.

"After all those many years—yes, it is hard, indeed," Parnell replied. "But it has to be done, my dear friend—my dear friends! Be sure we shall meet again and often; but now we must separate. The sight of you, of you both, has done me good; has made me happy—and melancholy. I see now, George, where happiness is to be had; and where only. If any woman would but love me as you are loved—if there were any other woman in the world like her (and he pointed to Annie)—'one might think life had a prize worth striving for and holding.'"

Annie blushed deeply. George, on whose arm she leaned, was on the very point of exclaiming, "My dear Syl, this is not my wife; this is only my sister." But she who saw the coming revelation in his look checked him with an admonitory and very earnest pressure. Much as she now regretted that she had ever been a party to the innocent plot, she shrank from the idea of following up Parnell's latest words by a disclosure of the truth. It would have been like an invitation to him to become a suitor for her. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes fell. "I believe," she said in her heart, "there is no such thing as harmless deceit—no such thing as deceit that goes unpunished."

"By Jove! Annie," said her brother to her when they were alone that night, "I wish I had never started that nonsense about calling you my wife. Poor Syl seems terribly cut up by the sight of what he considers my conjugal happiness, and the contrast to his own solitary condition. I don't very well know how to get gracefully out of the affair. He won't like the levity of it, I am afraid. I think I'll let him go to-morrow without saying any thing, and then write to him. Poor fellow! Of course he's very unhappy. I don't want a wife, Annie—I have you; but he has no one."

"I must go," Sylvester Parnell said to himself, in his room alone that night. "I could not stay any longer, and look on such happiness and not go mad; and I could not see that pure and charming woman without agony to myself. Good God! how happy he is; and how well he deserves it, dear old George! How she loves him! If ever I meet a girl like her, I will ask her to love me—even though I am sure to be refused. Such a married life as theirs is simply heaven on earth. How strangely I feel toward that woman; and how strange the misfortune that I should never have felt so to any woman but this one, of whom I must not even dare to think too much, and whom, if I were wise, I ought, for my own sake, never to see again."

With a heart that swelled and sank painfully, Sylvester Parnell left the house of his old friend early the following morning. He staid but a day in London, and then went into Scotland and wandered about there; returned to London again, giving the Dentons no hint of his presence; left London, and went to Paris. Traveling about the Continent, he met with an English family at Dresden, and was attracted toward the only daughter by a strange resemblance which she bore, or which he fancied she bore, to Annie Denton. They were ambitious people of the middle class; and Parnell, having some money, and having been in the world of officialism somehow and somewhere, seemed to them a person whose attentions were to be encouraged—at least, until a more desirable chance should offer itself. Parnell seemed drawn to the girl irresistibly by the magnetic attraction of this

fancied resemblance. He would sit by her side, and fancy that he sat by Annie Denton; he would picture himself as he had seen George in the boat, with a fair head resting on his shoulder; he would try to think of this girl now near him lying thus in his arms, and he would start and flush on finding that all the time he was thinking not of her, but of Annie Denton. At last, partly because he felt himself compromised in honor by the attention he had paid to the girl, partly in a faint, vain hope of finding with her the happiness he yearned for, partly in despair, and on the wild principle of throwing the helve after the hatchet, he suddenly proposed, one evening, for Caroline Edgar, and he was accepted.

Then came a bitter time. Too soon he found that he was engaged to a rapid, soulless, brainless, selfish creature. With parents who might truly be called vulgar in the world's worst sense, for theirs was not the mere vulgarity of manner which springs from lack of social culture, but the vulgarity of nature which no gilding can refine. Day after day, his gradual intimacy more and more disclosed the true mental character and the heart, or absence of heart, which belonged to Caroline Edgar, our wretched Parnell saw more and more clearly that he had bound himself to one who never could appreciate intellect or high purpose, one in whom the narrowest ambition worked in the meanest ways, an epitome of all the weaknesses and small vices into which fashion can pervert womanhood. For this he had gone through life thus far without love! So loving, so yearning for love was his nature, that up to this time it had found nothing to satisfy it; and now behold the prize it had won, the sea-mark of its utmost sail!

Of course he had no thought of receding from his engagement. That would have been contrary to his sense of honor. Although it may well be doubted whether a man or woman who has made such a mistake as he had made can do any thing more truly honorable, just, and wise toward both parties to the blunder than frankly to confess the error and draw back before the mistaken engagement is changed into a life-long bondage. But Sylvester Parnell looked upon himself as irrevocably bound to Miss Edgar, and he tried with all his might and main to love her. Now I take it that resolutely striving to love any body is like resolutely striving to go to sleep; the very effort defeats itself. The more Parnell tried the less he succeeded; but he still set his teeth and kept trying. The other party to the engagement never heeded. It never entered into the breast of that ingenuous girl to think whether Parnell loved her or not, or to care. He was engaged to her, and he seemed a good match; what else did she want? Certainly she did sometimes begin to have her little heart-pangs too, but they were not like those of her fiancé. She was a very handsome girl, and of late she had begun to find out that among the many men in Dresden whose eyes acknowledge the fact young Ruddling, of London, was one of the most conspicuous. Ruddling had just come in for an immense fortune on the death of his father. The elder Ruddling began life in the south part of London as the keeper of what is called a "marine store"—that is, a shop where all sorts of old odds and ends, and among them no small proportion of stolen goods, are bought and sold; he then became a dust contractor, like Mr. Boffin's employ-ment in "Our Mutual Friend;" he made a great fortune; and then he died. Young Ruddling was his only son and heir. He was as miserable a little cad, to use a London word, as you could see in a day's walk; but he had an immense fortune. He was evidently smitten by Caroline Edgar's eyes and tresses and dresses; and Caroline began to say to her soul in secret, "I was too rash—I ought never to have engaged myself—I might have married this millionaire!"

Ruddling became more and more attentive, more and more devoted; perhaps he did not know of Caroline's engagement. Certainly Miss Edgar never told him of it. Toward Parnell she became so cold, capricious, and strange in manner that her unfortunate fiancé, little skill-d in the ways of fashionable womanhood, and not knowing how else to account for her altered demeanor, fancied, in his simplicity, that she had discovered some coldness in his bearing toward her, and was offended by it; and he became twice as attentive and twice as miserable. At last the fair Caroline could stand it no longer; and one day the little English colony in Dresden enjoyed a little excitement in the news that Miss Caroline Edgar had been privately married to Frederick Ruddling, Esq., at one of the English churches, without the knowledge of her parents, and, of course, without the knowledge of her affianced suitor, the jilted and blighted Sylvester Parnell. Every body was amused; some persons pitied Parnell; not a few bestowed their commiseration on Ruddling. The bride's parents declared themselves very angry; but they were persons of forgiving disposition, and they at once took their daughter and their son-in-law into full favor; and, indeed, they have never since quitted the shelter of some one or other of the roofs owned by the opulent Ruddling.

And Sylvester Parnell felt like one who has suddenly thrown off some oppressive load of pain. He had suffered so much in his short bondage that the mere sense of freedom was in itself a happiness. He left Dresden for Paris, and Paris for London. "Come," he said to himself, as the Rouen and Dieppe train whirled him away to the French shore, "there finishes my love-chase! Love is not made for me; I will try no more for it; I will endeavor to think no more about it. Some men are cut out for solitude and old-bachelorhood; let them accept their destiny, being assured they can not mend it. I am free; let that be enough. A desolate freedom, to be sure, but still freedom. Love is for men like my dear old friend, George Denton."



God bless him! I'll go to see him now; I know I may do that without any new pain to myself. Just one refreshing glimpse of his delicious happiness; just one kind pressure of his friendly hand, one genial smile from his incomparable wife, and 'I will bury myself in my books, and the devil may pipe to his own.' After which quotation from "Maud," he lighted a cigar, and tried to smoke away thought.

He reached London, and plunged upon George Denton, who was delighted to see him.

"Then you are not married, Syl?" asked George.

"No, nor likely to be, old fellow—thank Heaven!"

"Why, we heard you were about to be married."

"I am not about to be married, George," said Parnell, gravely. "Pass by all that. How is your wife?"

"Well, I say, Syl, you know; I wish I hadn't been so ridiculous; I wish I had not played so absurd a prank."

"What prank?"

"Why, you know—confound it all! It was a stupid joke of mine. You don't really think Annie is my wife?"

"What else? What on earth do you mean?"

"My dear fellow, I am a confirmed old bachelor, and shall never be anything else. Annie Denton is my sister."

Then George explained the whole thing; and I hardly think I need explain any more. Enough to say that Sylvester Parnell made a long visit to Twickenham, and has found his ideal out at last. A time will soon come when these three will float along the Thames in the moonlight once again, and George will have the oars, and Annie will lie with her head supported by Syl Parnell's shoulder, and his loving arm around her.

### PLAIN SPEAKING.

"GIVE my best love to Mrs. Humphrey," said Melicent.

"My dear," objected the mother, "you have nothing left for the rest of us. You have sent your best to Mrs. Humphrey; do you love her equally with your father and mother?"

"Oh no, certainly not; that is understood."

"Then why say more than you mean? Why not merely send your regards?"

"Because regards are so cold and calculating, and Mrs. Humphrey has been so kind and cordial."

"And so you reward her with empty words, with insincerity! Oh, if there were a little more of the heroism of plain speaking in the world! If every one would say just what he thinks and feels, no more, no less!"

"Mamma, we should offend every body."

"And is not that better than to offend the truth? It requires more courage to be true."

"Well, I will try it some day; just now I must write to Mr. Trustee, who has offered me the place of music-teacher in the school at Blank. I don't know how to say what I want to. I've only got as far as 'Dear Mr. Trustee.'"

"Indeed! have you met him often?"

"You know I have not, mamma."

"Then why do you call him 'dear'? You may find him any thing but agreeable."

"But I feel grateful for his offer; and in that aspect he is dear to me."

"Sornism and folderol! And it wouldn't cause you to shed a tear if he were to vanish into nothingness to-morrow."

"Perhaps not."

"Then he is not dear to you; and why should you prejudice truth for the sake of custom?"

"Then I had better speak plainly to him in every particular?"

"I should try the experiment." And so Melicent wrote:

"MR. TRUSTEE: Sir,—I am very grateful for the offer of the situation of music-teacher, but as I am entirely self-taught, you may not find me able to undertake the musical education of the advanced classes, and therefore not worth the salary you propose. In the mean time, I never have taught, and I am confident I shall not like to teach; but as my daily bread is a matter of importance to me, I shall do my best in whatever situation I may be so fortunate as to secure."

"Very truly yours,"

"MELICENT JACKSON."

"That is a good beginning," said Mrs. Jackson, "only you are not 'very truly his.'"

"If he takes me—which I am sure he will not do after this—I shall be truly his!"

"It does simplify matters to speak plainly," thought Melicent; and she went to her pillow that night, decided to turn over a new leaf, and henceforth to be a plain speaker; and this is her own account of the attempt:—

In the first place I went out to walk, and I met young Mr. Bragg.

"How did you like the singing last Sunday?" he asked; and I answered, "I thought you sang the selections from 'Elijah' very badly; you lost the pitch twice—begging your pardon—and flatted like all possessed." At that he looked as if he wished I were a selection from "Elijah," that he might murder me; so I beat a retreat, and went into Cousin Dole's, just as she was sitting down to dinner. "How do you like my new dinner set?" said she, having prevailed upon me to stay; "it was just imported by Briggs. It cost three hundred dollars."

"A fool and his money," I replied: "it looks like a hotel service; it's frightfully gaudy."

Cousin Dole bit her lip, and I noticed that she helped me to a much smaller piece of transparent pudding than usual, and forgot the sauce; perhaps she thought I had plenty of my own.

"Don't you think that Betty makes delicious bread?" she asked, when the other affair had blown over somewhat.

"I don't know."

"Hannah, pass the bread to Miss Jackson."

"No, thank you; I have some."

"Well, isn't it nice?"

"It's a trifle sour. Very likely it's no criterion of Betty's ability. I hope she can do better." Cousin Dole didn't urge me to remain to tea, and as I passed under the window I distinctly heard her say, "There! I'm glad she's gone. She's growing into the crabbedest old maid alive. I do hate these people who always say what they think."

"Unless it's something complimentary," put in her husband.

Well, after that, I thought I'd walk down to the causeway and watch the ships out at sea, and the women digging clams close by; and who should I meet there but Mr. Heavyhead? Now if there is one mortal I dislike it is Mr. Heavyhead; but then it was no part of plain speaking to favor him with my views concerning one with whom he is so deeply enamored, unless he should request them.

"Well met," said he.

"You are mistaken," said I.

"Ah!—excuse me. It's a great happiness to meet a friend, and you are my friend, are you not?"

"Ahem!—I would not do you an injury." (Query: Is evasion plain speaking?) "I would do you a service rather."

"Thank you," returned this prince of coxcombs. "You have the elements of friendship. May I ask what you thought of my last poem in the *Monthly Cipher*?"

"Excuse me, but I thought the measure very bad, and the ideas meagre."

"Indeed! You are very frank. It is a virtue, no doubt," as if he were swallowing a dose of rhubarb by prescription. "You remind me of the character of Lucy Ellen, in my novel of 'Not Well, but too Wisely.' Do you remember it?"

"I never heard of it."

"I am very sorry. Perhaps you will allow me to present you with a copy?"

"Thank you, but I would rather not."

"You have no curiosity, then, to read it?"

"Not the slightest."

He left me shortly after this, with a graceful but frigid touch of his hat; and when I reached home I found Mrs. Housekeeper and her baby waiting to be admired. Now I hate to disappoint people.

"What colored hair do you think she'll have?" she asked, with maternal anxiety.

"I see nothing to judge from at present," I returned.

"And ain't her eyes real beauties, now?" she persisted.

"No, my friend," I said. "I never could see any thing beautiful in crossed eyes, though familiarity may render them endurable."

Mrs. Housekeeper was no disciple of plain speaking, for she took her leave in a dudgeon; and in came old Mrs. Proser to tea. Now Mrs. Proser is a trifle hard of hearing, more or less, according to circumstances—for you know there's a saying that there are none so deaf as those who won't hear.

"I've got a monstrous poor appetite," she averred, having done respectable justice to every thing on the tea-table. "Now did ye ever see the beat of it?"

"Never."

"I think I need a tonic. It's a long time since I took tea with your folks afore, Miss Jackson. Hain't you missed me a sight?"

"No, I haven't missed you at all."

"Thank you; I know'd you did. If there's any consolation for not being able to be inter two places ter onst, it's in being missed in one of 'em. There, I've jest dropped a *leetle* stitch in my knitting; I know'd you'd be pleased ter pick it up fur me now?"

"It's very disagreeable to me to pick up stitches in knitting, but, of course, I shall have to do it."

"Yes, you're real obleegee; young eyes don't mind. Now, if it ain't bad manners, may I ask how much you give fur your new bonnet as you had on a-Sunday?"

"It is very bad manners," I replied, "and I never encourage such curiosity."

"Du tell! 'twas mighty reasonable, wa'n't it? Six dollars! How'd you like Hitty's? Wa'n't it real becoming?"

"I thought it the ugliest thing I ever laid eyes on, and she looked like a fright in it."

"Yes, I told Hitty I thought you'd taken a fancy ter it; I see you a-feasting of yer eyes onto it all church-time. Eight o'clock. Wa'al, I must be jogging, unless you'd like ter hev me stay longer fur company?"

"Thank you; it will give me no kind of pleasure."

"Then I'll jest stay by till yer ma comes in, ter obleegee ye."

At this moment the servant brought in an invitation to Mrs. Shoddy's *soirée*. Now Mrs. Shoddy, you know, is not exactly in our set; but she is ambitious, and a neighbor; but from want of education in early life she is somewhat uncultivated, and not a little vulgar. Therefore I sat down and answered her thus:

"Miss Jackson declines the invitation of Mrs. Shoddy, not wishing to associate with people of her stamp, and persuaded that she should not enjoy herself in the company of Mrs. Shoddy or her guests."

I had hardly finished when Miss Furbelow sent in to borrow the pattern of my new over-skirt. Now the pattern in question was a pet pattern, which had cost me no end of pains to procure, and some money, and though Miss Furbelow and I are quite intimate and friendly, I bravely returned word by her messenger that "Miss Jackson had counted upon a first and isolated appearance in the new style, and was therefore obliged, in self-defense, to refuse it to Miss Furbelow, knowing that her machine would turn it out ready-made long before Miss Jackson's fingers had basted it together."

Scarcely had the messenger departed when Nell Fling came dancing in to show off her new scarlet jacket, trimmed with swan's-down, like freshly fallen snow.

"Isn't it a beauty, and doesn't it set like a pin?" she cried, looking at herself over her shoulder.

"Not at all," I replied, rather quenchingly; "I think I never saw a worse fit. The stuff is pretty enough, but it's just spoiled, and that's the whole of it!"

"And I never saw a worse fit of jealousy," she returned, flinging out of the house; and just then, hearing a loud noise outside, and looking out by chance, I saw Nell Fling and Miss Furbelow and Mrs. Shoddy, with old Mrs. Proser, Mrs. Housekeeper and her baby, Mr. Heavyhead, with Cousin Dole, and young Mr. Bragg, with the whole choir at his heels, bombarding the windows with brickbats, and shouting, "Down with the Plain Speaker! Down with the Plain Speaker!" And then the breakfast-bell rang, and I was glad to wake up and find I wasn't a plain speaker after all.

"One couldn't expect any thing better of a dream," said her mother; "that is no argument against plain speaking, for there you speak without judgment or tact. In the mean time, here is a better argument in its favor;" and Melicent opened Mr. Trustee's answer, and read:

"Miss Jackson,—You are accepted as music-teacher in the Mount Varnish Seminary, the Board feeling assured that a young lady who speaks so honestly will not be less honest in the discharge of her duties."

"Respectfully,"

MR. TRUSTEE.

### FAMILY BREAKFASTS AND DINNERS.

#### BREAKFAST.

Cocoa Shells, Fried Smelts, Fried Potatoes, Buttered Toast, Rice Griddle Cakes.

COCOA SHELLS.—To a large handful of shells allow one pint of cold water. Let them soak overnight in a warm place. In the morning boil steadily for one hour. Serye, with boiled milk, hot.

FRIED SMELTS.—Put half a pound of salt pork, fat, cut in thin slices, into a deep frying-pan, and fry till crisp. Wash and clean the smelts, but do not cut them; dry them on a clean towel, and dip them in fine bread crumbs or Indian meal. Put them in the fat from the slices of pork when it is boiling hot, and fry till brown, turning when half done. It is a great improvement to wash these fish in water with some coarse salt dissolved in it, instead of fresh water. Five minutes should fry a smelt thoroughly.

FRIED POTATOES.—Peel and cut the potatoes into thin slices as nearly the same size as possible. Melt some butter or dripping in a frying-pan till it boils. Put in the potatoes, and fry them, on both sides, of a nice brown. When they are crisp take them up, place them on a cloth before the fire to drain the grease from them, sprinkle with salt, and serve very hot. The remains of cold boiled potatoes may also be sliced and fried by the above recipe, but the slices must be cut thicker than the raw potato.

BUTTERED TOAST.—Cut a loaf of bread into as many even slices as may be required, about quarter of an inch thick, and toast them before a clear fire till well browned, but not scorched. Put the slices on a hot plate, and cut each one in half or quarter, according to size. Pile up in slices, with a large piece of butter on each piece; set before the fire, having another hot empty plate ready. As the butter melts spread each piece rapidly, piling again on the empty plate. Serve very hot.

RISE GRIDDLE CAKES.—To half a tea-cupful of whole rice allow three eggs, half a pint of rich sweet milk, and half a tea-spoonful of salt. Boil the rice till every grain is thoroughly dissolved; stand aside till it jellies. Beat the jelly in the milk, slightly warmed, till smoothly mixed. Beat the eggs till very smooth and light, and add to the rice and milk; add the salt. Beat to a smooth batter. Bake on a hot, well-greased griddle till brown and light. If the batter does not adhere well together, add the yolk of another egg. Flour spoils them.

#### DINNER.

Beef Soup, Broiled Fresh Mackerel, Ribs of Beef (roasted), Curried Rabbit, Stewed Spinach, Horse-radish Sauce, French Beans, Pickled Nasturtiums, Cheese Cakes.

BEUF SOUP.—Saw a shin of beef in four pieces. Wash clean and put in a pot, covering entirely with clear, cold water. Simmer and skim carefully till it is clear, and the meat leaves the bone. Strain, and to the liquor add turnips, potatoes, carrots, onions, and pot-herbs, cut in pieces. Boil till the vegetables are nearly done, add two table-spoonfuls of rice or barley, boil fifteen minutes longer, season with pepper and salt, and serve—serving the meat hot in a separate dish. A few tomatoes are an excellent addition.

BROILED FRESH MACKEREL.—Mackerel should never be washed before broiling, but merely wiped very clean and dry, after taking out the gills and insides. Open the back, put in a little pepper and salt, and spread with a thin coating of butter. Broil over a clear fire, turning it when half done. When sufficiently cooked, the bone will come out easily. Remove the bone; chop a little parsley, work it up with butter, pepper, and salt, and a little lemon juice, and place this on each side of the open fish, in the place of the bone. Stand before the fire till the butter is all melted in, and serve hot.

RIBS OF BEEF (ROASTED).—The fore rib is the best roasting piece. Put the meat down before a nice clear fire, put some dripping into the pan, dredge the joint with a little flour, and keep continually basting. When thoroughly done, put upon a hot dish, and sprinkle a little salt over the joint. Pour a little boiling water into the dripping, season with pepper and salt, and strain it over the meat.

CURRIED RABBIT.—To one large rabbit allow three large onions, two ounces of butter, one pint of soup stock, one table-spoonful of curry-powder, one table-spoonful of flour, one table-spoonful of mushroom powder, a tea-cupful of rice, and the juice of one lemon. Skin, clean, and wash the rabbit, and divide it at the joints. Put the pieces into the stew-pan with the butter and sliced onions, and let them brown nicely. Let the stock boil, and pour it boiling into the stew-pan. Mix the curry-powder and flour smoothly with a little water, add it to the stock with the mushroom powder. Simmer gently for fifteen minutes. Boil the rice in a separate vessel till tender. When the rabbit is done, put the rice in a dish, pour the rab-

bit and stock into the middle of the rice, squeeze the lemon juice over all, and serve hot.

STEWED SPINACH.—Pick and wash the spinach thoroughly. Boil it till perfectly tender, and drain it. Put in a stew-pan one ounce of butter, and melt it. Chop the spinach very fine, and toss it in the butter over the fire, till all the butter is absorbed. Add a tea-cupful of rich cream, a tea-spoonful of powdered sugar, one of salt, and a little black pepper. Stew gently for ten minutes. Serve hot, covered, with slices of hard-boiled egg.

FRENCH BEANS.—Boil the beans until tender, and drain them. Shake them in a stew-pan over the fire until dry. When quite dry and hot, add three ounces of butter, pepper, salt, and the juice of one lemon. Keep shaking the stew-pan till the butter is all thoroughly melted, and serve very hot.

HORSE-RADISH SAUCE.—To four table-spoonfuls of grated horse-radish allow one tea-spoonful of powdered sugar, one tea-spoonful of salt, half a tea-spoonful of black pepper, two tea-spoonfuls of mixed mustard, and one gill of vinegar. Grate the horse-radish, and mix it well with the salt, pepper, sugar, and mustard. Beat it up well, adding the vinegar gradually.

PICKLED NASTURTIUMS.—As soon as nasturtiums are gathered throw them into strong brine, and let them remain for two days. Boil together vinegar, whole pepper, whole cloves, salt, and a small piece of ginger root. When boiling, pour this over the nasturtiums, previously draining them well. Cover closely for one week, when they will be fit for use.

CHEESE CAKES.—To one pound of cottage cheese, allow a quarter of a pound of butter, one pound of loaf-sugar, six eggs, the grated peel and juice of three lemons. Beat the cottage cheese to a cream with the other ingredients, having previously beaten the eggs very smooth and light. When well mixed and very smooth, line pie-dishes with puff paste, fill with the mixture, and bake, uncovered, in a quick oven. Serve cold, sprinkled with finely powdered loaf-sugar.

### PUTTING CHILDREN FORWARD.

THERE is a tendency, we think, at the present day, to put children too forward, not so much for the sake of showing off their extraordinary merits to an admiring world as from the better motive of early accustoming them to the conversation of grown people and the usages of society, and of inspiring them with confidence, ease, and self-possession. No doubt these results are very valuable; but the mistake which many people make is in forgetting that children are something like dogs, which require to be very well trained before they can safely be recommended to the familiarity of strangers. And it is to be remembered that the moment children cease to respect any of the grown-up people with whom they associate, not only is the whole benefit of the intercourse lost at once, but real injury is inflicted on the moral tone of the child. For this reason children should be brought as little as possible into the society of men and women who can not command their respect; while of those who can, the influence should be hedged round by all the numerous impalpable barriers which judicious parents know perfectly well how to interpose between children and the most popular and careless of their adult playfellows. The confidence which well-bred children at once repose in an eligible stranger, without being either rude or troublesome, is charming to every body who has any natural taste for their society. I remember once going for the first time to the house of a gentleman, wherein no sooner had I been shown to my dressing-room than a number of small feet pattered along the passage, and a whole troop of children, boys and girls, all under twelve years of age, trotted in without the slightest ceremony, and requested to be allowed to unpack my things, adding that their mamma always liked them to do this on the arrival of a stranger. I was flattered, though for the moment embarrassed, by this delicate attention. But all apprehensions were speedily dispelled by the behavior of my small visitors, who, I saw at once, knew exactly how far to go, and obeyed every injunction I laid on them with the most cheerful docility. The only sign of dissatisfaction evinced throughout was by one little fellow who was ignorant of the nature of shaving-paste, and, on being forbidden to eat it, desired leave to show it to his lady mother. He went away sorrowful, but was satisfied in the morning, when they all came back to see me dress, by watching its application to my chin. Now any one would think this was going as far as children well could go toward making themselves a nuisance. But they were no nuisance at all. On the contrary, I was amused and delighted with them. No doubt this was an exceptional case: very few children are trained to such a pitch of perfection as that. And the liberties they are allowed should be in proportion to the polish they can take. When they can indulge in such proceedings with grown-up people without being rude or disrespectful, it does them all the good in the world. Generally speaking, however, what is now the very common practice of allowing children to invade your bedroom in a friend's house is much to be deprecated. The inconvenience they occasion to yourself, and the injury they may do themselves by taking away your razor, is the smallest part of the evil. The speculations which they reserve for the breakfast-table, whether their early visit has been to a lady or a gentleman, are sometimes too suggestive for decorum, and the comparisons which they institute between male and female articles of attire, when they happen to be called by the same name, produce general consternation. The little scamps, nine times out of ten, are aware they are doing something wrong on such occasions. But there are parents who either can not or will not break them of such habits, and some who encourage them as the best antidote to shyness. But before children are subjected to this extreme remedy they should be taught docility and silence. The old adage, that children should be seen and not heard, is often silently invoked by guests, who are forbidden by courtesy to speak their thoughts aloud.





1. Tiara, given by the Duke and Duchess of Argyll.  
 2. Emerald Centre of the Bracelet given by the Queen.  
 3. Centre of Opal Necklace, given by the Queen.

4. One of the Diamond Daisy-flower Hair-pins given by Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice.  
 5. Necklace of Pearls and Diamonds, with Pearl Locket, and Pendant bearing the Galley of Lorne, in Sapphires, given by the Clan Campbell.

6. Neck Ornament, Emeralds, given by Viscountess Beaconsfield.  
 7. Centre of a Bracelet, in Sapphires, with Pearl Drop, given by the Marquis of Lorne.  
 8. Toilette Service, given by her Majesty's Household.

PRINCESS LOUISE'S WEDDING GIFTS.



## THE ROYAL WEDDING GIFTS.

SOME of the jewels and other gifts presented to her Royal Highness Princess Louise on the occasion of her marriage, with the locket given to each of the eight bride-maids, are shown by the engravings on this and another page.

Her Majesty the Queen has given to her daughter a very fine large emerald, set with brilliants, as the centre of a bracelet; another set as the centre of a necklace; a very fine opal and brilliant necklace, with five large opals set round with brilliants and connected with a diamond chain; a large drop brooch, with two very fine opals set round with brilliants; a pair of opal and diamond ear-rings to correspond; a richly-chased silver-gilt dessert service, consisting of one centre, two side, and four corner ornaments.

Their Royal Highnesses Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice have given their sister a pair of diamond daisy flowers, mounted as hair-pins.

The tiara, the gift of the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, is formed of emeralds and diamonds, surmounted by a graceful scroll-work of the same jewels.

The Marquis of Lorne has presented to his royal bride a beautiful ornament, forming the centre of a bracelet, in which is a fine large sapphire, mounted with brilliants and pearls, and with a large pearl drop attached to it.

The eight bride-maids gave to her Royal Highness a very handsome gold bracelet, set with rubies and diamonds.

The Clan Campbell presented to the bride of their chieftain's son a necklace composed of pearls and diamonds, from which is suspended a locket of oval form, with pendant. The centre of the locket is formed by a large and extremely beautiful Oriental pearl, surrounded by a closely set row of diamonds of large size and great brilliancy. The outer border also consists of large diamonds, but set in such a manner as to give an appearance of lightness very seldom obtained in ornaments of a similar description. The pendant, the most characteristic portion of the jewel, is suspended by an emerald sprig of bog myrtle (the Campbell badge), and bears in the centre the galley of Lorne, composed of sapphires on a pavé of diamonds. The border, also of sapphires and diamonds, bears the inscription "Ne obliviscaris."

Viscountess Beaconsfield, wife of the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, gave the Princess a neck ornament, with an emerald cross centre, and border of fine brilliants.

The above-mentioned jewels and ornaments, with the Bible and its decorated casket, given to the Princess Louise by the maidens of England, are represented in our illustrations this week. Others were given to her, of which the following are the most important:

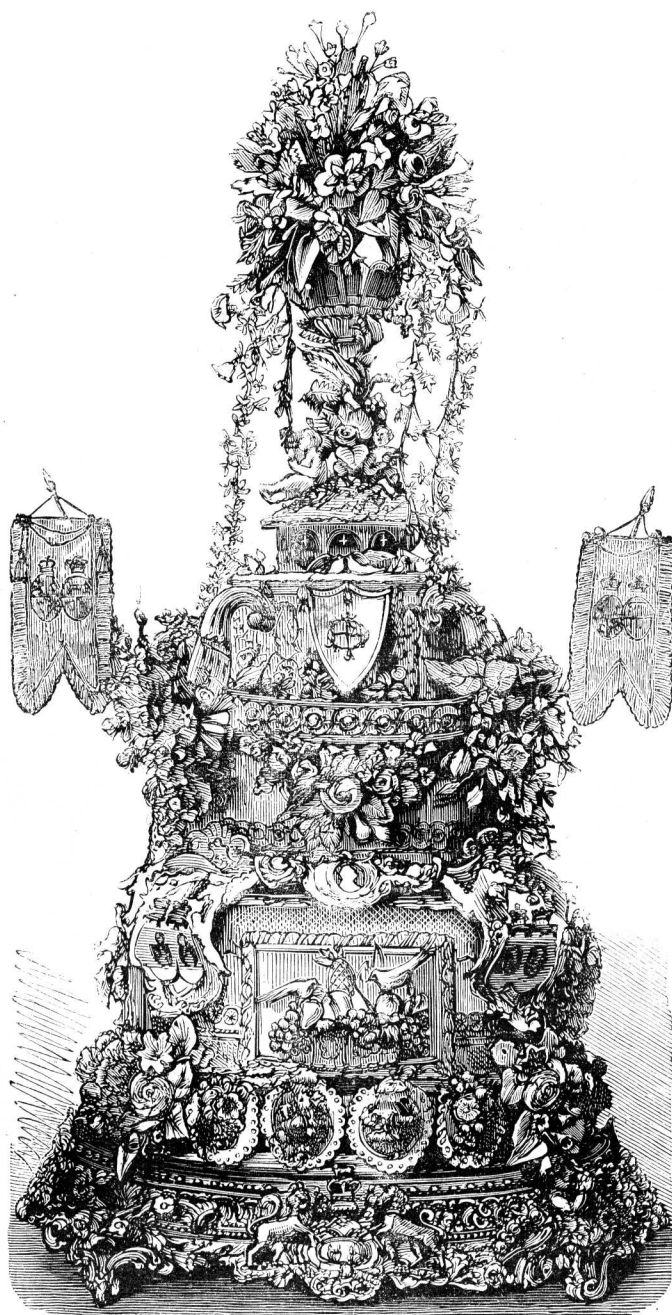
Given by Prince and Princess Christian: A beautifully chased silver-gilt tea and coffee service, containing the following pieces: Coffee-pot, two tea-pots, one sugar basin, one hot-milk jug, one cream ewer, in case.

By the Duchess of Cambridge: A silver-gilt inkstand in the shape of a shell.

By the Duke of Cambridge: A richly engraved silver salver.

By the Ladies and Gentlemen of her Majesty's Household: One large single candelabrum for five lights, four smaller candelabra for three lights each, a very complete toilette service in silver-gilt, with the cipher and coronet engraved on each article.

The locket given by her Royal Highness to the bride-maids was designed by the Princess herself. The pattern is taken from a very beautiful Holbein model; the centre being a



ROYAL WEDDING-CAKE.

large oval intaglio in crystal, formed with a wreath of roses and forget-me-nots, beautifully blended together, and coiled with a purple ribbon scroll enameled with gold letters—"Louise, 1871." The border is composed of a true-lover's knot in blue enamel, united with graduated pearls, and a pendant hanging to her Royal Highness's coronet, richly chased and ornamented with emeralds and rubies. The general effect is novel in character, and in good taste. The prevailing colors of the enrichments are white and blue. These lockets were worn by the eight bride-maids during the wedding ceremony.

## THE WEDDING-CAKES.

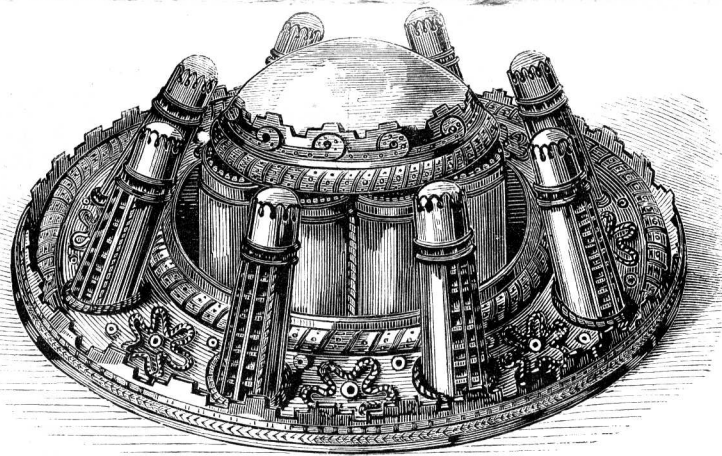
The Royal wedding-cake shown in our illustration is the one made by Messrs. Boland & Son, of Chester. The principal cake on the table, however, at the wedding breakfast was that made by her Majesty's chief confectioner at Windsor Castle. It was a perfect triumph of the confectioner's art, and was five feet four inches high, with a diameter of two feet six inches. Messrs. Boland's was made in three tiers, placed on a gold stand, weighing about two hundred-weight, and measuring at the base of the lower cake two feet in diameter, and in height nearly five feet. The gold plateau had the Royal arms at four equal distances, with Cupids and flowers. The lower tier was ornamented with blue panels, baskets of flowers, fruit, and love-birds between a scroll leaf, and medallions containing likenesses of the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise, with their respective coronets above. The second tier was festooned with the rose, shamrock, and thistle. The third tier was entirely of net-work, with cornucopias and shields, on which were the monograms of the bride and bridegroom. The whole was surmounted by a handsome vase of flowers, with silk banners edged with silver fringe, containing the armorial bearings of the Princess and of the Marquis. Each tier of the cake was bordered with trellis-work studded with pearls.

## THE BROOCH OF LORNE.

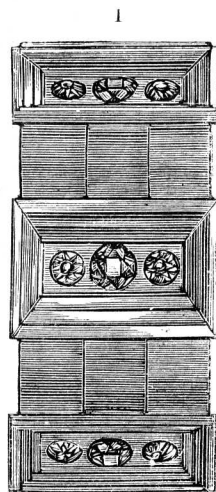
AN illustration of the famous "Brooch of Lorne," a jewel of much historic and romantic interest, is given on this page. It will be remembered how, in Scott's "Lord of the Isles," the chieftain of Lorne, to provoke his unwelcome guests, bids his minstrel Ferrand sing at the banquet in Ardnornish Castle, in presence of Robert Bruce, an insolent song of triumph concerning this trophy of the fight near Teyndrum:

"Moulded thou for monarch's use  
By the overweening Bruce,  
When the royal robe he tied  
O'er a heart of wrath and pride;  
Thence in triumph wert thou borne  
By the victor hand of Lorne!"

The real brooch is not "of burning gold," but of silver set with pearls. It consists of a circular plate, four inches in diameter, with a buckle on the under side. The upper side has a rim indented with battlements, like the wall around a fortress, within which rise eight round projections, an inch and a quarter high, probably intended to represent the towers inclosed by the wall. Each of these is surmounted with a Scottish river pearl. A second rim, or inner wall, ornamentally carved, surrounds an eminence of circular form, but moulded into eight semi-cylinders. It is the "keep" of the castle, which stands higher than the eight outer towers. This is hollow, forming a case or locket to hold any small article of



THE BROOCH OF LORNE.



1. Necklace, Brooch, and Ear-rings given by the Queen to the Princess.  
2. Locket given by the Princess to each of her Bride-maids.

3. Bible and Casket given to the Princess by the Maidens of England.  
4. Bracelet given to the Princess by the Bride-maids.

PRINCESS LOUISE'S WEDDING GIFTS.



value. Its cover is elegantly adorned with a large gem on the summit. The brooch was that which fastened the plaid of Robert Bruce, crowned King of Scotland in 1306, when he was driven by the English forces into the west country. The Lorne Macdougalls, his bitterest enemies, met and fought with him at Dalree, or Dalrigh, or "The King's Field," in Glen Dochart, on the borders of Perthshire and Argyle. The followers of King Robert got the worst of the fight, but the king himself escaped. Alexander Macdougall, the chief of Lorne, was nephew to John Comyn, whom Bruce had stabbed at the altar of the Greyfriars' Church, in Dumfries. He had sworn to kill Bruce in revenge. It is said that in this conflict he had a personal struggle with the warrior king, who struck him down with his famous battle-axe, and would have slain him but that two of Lorne's vassals, the MacKeechs, a father and son, rescued him by seizing Bruce's plaid or mantle, and so dragging the king aside. The brooch is now preserved with great care at Dunolly Castle.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. TRITE.—Stitch the blue Chambray ruffles with white. Sash of the same. Black silk over dresses are worn by little girls of eight years.

N.B.—Correspondents who have written us about suits will please search out the information they want in New York Fashions of the present paper, of *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV., and previous Numbers. We would gladly answer each separately, but lack of space prevents.

Miss JULIA S., YONKERS.—Tennyson's beautiful stanza,

"I hold it truth, with him who sings  
To one clear harp in divers tones,  
That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things,"

refers to St. Augustine, who first gave utterance to this golden thought.

SIDLA AND DNOYAR.—Both the French and the Prussians were probably desirous of war. Prussia had been preparing for half a century to wipe out the humiliation of the first Napoleon's triumphal entry into Berlin; and Napoleon III. wished, by a second *coup d'état* which should carry France to the Rhine, to secure the continuance of his dynasty. He put himself in the wrong before the eyes of the world by first making the declaration of war, which the astute Bismarck had doubtless intrigued to provoke, and thus naturally turned public sympathy against France until his fall at Sedan. Then opinions diverged, and some thought that King William would have been both magnanimous and just had he carried out his declaration that he waged war against the Emperor, and not the French nation, and been satisfied with a pecuniary indemnity, which would not have been denied him, instead of insisting on the cession of Alsace and Lorraine, against the wishes of the inhabitants, and using his successes to establish a new empire no less despotic than that which he had overthrown. That these provinces belonged to Germany two centuries ago seems no better reason that they should be restored to her against their will, than that New York, which less than a century since was British territory, should be ceded to England at the end of a war in which we had been worsted. We would have been just as much in the wrong had we annexed the Rhenish provinces against their wish.

M. L. C.—White lawn suits are worn in the house in summer by ladies in mourning. Black also makes up prettily. Your other questions are answered in the New York Fashions.

Mrs. H. A. T.—See New York Fashions of present Number.

BELEIDA.—For your silk dress, summer silk suit, traveling dress, and piqué suit, consult the New York Fashion column. Black silk polonaises, lace sacques, and scarfs will be worn over colored dresses. Make morning wrappers by pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. IV. Use white lawn, piqué, or colored cambrics, and trim with ruffles of the same in embroidery. Get a straw gypsy, and trim with ribbon of a becoming color.

AGNES.—For making your calico suit read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. IV. Your black ostrich plume will be pretty all the spring. Read "Summer Silks" in another column.

YOUNG LADY.—Use darker brown bands of the same material for trimming your suit. Read "Goat-hair Suits" on another page.

BEATRICE DE B.—Read "Piqué Suits" in another column.

EDNA GEORGE.—A suit of pongee's nice for traveling in July. Colored shoes are not worn. Read notice above to correspondents. Your other questions are irrelevant.

LOUSLY.—Your queries about children's dresses are answered in the illustrations of *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. IV., and about suits in the New York Fashions of the present Number.

A SCHOOL-GIRL.—We have given blouse-waist patterns in our Supplements, but not in cut paper patterns. Read "N.B." above.

L. H. B.—Columbus died in the year 1506.—We know of nothing to "cure excessive blushing," and think it too pretty and too rare nowadays to need a cure.—Read notice to correspondents above.

A. E. T.—Make an over-skirt of your new material, and trim with solid-colored ruffles, putting the same on the skirt. Get a white Swiss over-skirt for your little girl, and make by designs shown in *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. IV.

Mrs. O. Z.—Take the velvet off your black silk skirt, and make the flounces lap. Put tapes beneath the belt of your long skirts, and other tapes half-way down the seams. Then tie these together to loop your long dress for an over-skirt. Add a false postilion—a belt with basque pleated at the back to improve the round waist. Do the same by your blue checked silk. The black and white wool dress and the buff linen will be well made by the Apron-Polonaise Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. IV. Buff linens are serviceable, cool, and will be stylish again in the summer, but are not easily done up. Make "Little Myrtle's" check silk with flounces and over-skirt trimmed with blue; high neck and coat sleeves. Muslin ruffles would not look well on delaine.

MATTIE.—Get a tailor to sponge your cloth jacket all over.

A YOUNG MARRIED LADY.—Use pattern of the Postilion-Basque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV. Trim with narrow black lace, bias bands, and flounces of the checked silk.

G. C. S.—Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. IV., for white dresses.

SARA.—"Present" is better than "Addressed," written after the name of a person to whom a note is sent in the same city in which it is written.

E. B. H.—Your former letter is not on record, and was probably never received.—White-edged velvet ribbon is not used now.

LOLA.—Don't make a very long train to your white muslin. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. IV.

DESPAIR.—You will have to purchase chataleine braids for the back of your head.

PLUM AND GRAY.—Gather an answer from New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. IV.

Miss M. L. L.—We never reply to correspondents by mail.—Use the polonaise suit pattern sent you for your grenadine. Line the waist and sleeves of polonaise with black silk, and wear over a black silk skirt. Trim with ruffles edged with narrow guipure.

"A CORRESPONDENT."—A high-throated Worth Basque and coat sleeve will be pretty for alpaca. Use simply a bias gathered puff. Black gros grain ribbon strings are on black lace bonnets.

"POOR AS POVERTY."—Use the cut paper pattern of the Postilion-Basque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. IV., for your suit. Trim with ruffles of the same.

Mrs. G. B.—Hercules braid is a thick woolen heavily repped braid, from half an inch to two inches wide, used for trimming water-proof and other heavy fabrics.

JENNIE L.—Your brown dress is properly trimmed. Put bias black silk ruffles on the skirt of your checked silk, and drape over black silk dresses.

F. E. V. E.—Get a black Canton crape paletot to wear with your green silk suit. Trim with lace, and line with Nile green silk. For an opera hat get Frou Frou gauze of becoming color, draped with tulle of the same shade, and ostrich tips to match.

INCOGN. AND SOMEODY.—We publish "Hannah" and "The Lovels of Arden" as fast as we receive the advance sheets from England. The stories are printed alternately, so that our readers may be sure of having one or the other in every Number. We are sorry for the unavoidable interruptions, which, however, our friends should remember are much briefer than in the monthly magazines.

THE Inebriate's Hope! C. C. BEERS, M.D., 12 E. Twelfth St., New York, *permanently* cures the worst cases of Intemperance. Call or send stamp for *Evidence*. Is harmless.—[Com.]

#### FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

W. KELLY, of Amsterdam, N. Y., earned with a Wheeler & Wilson, in 14 years, \$14,564, making coats. An average of more than \$20 a week.—[Com.]

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WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA is a certain Cure for CONSUMPTION.—[Com.]



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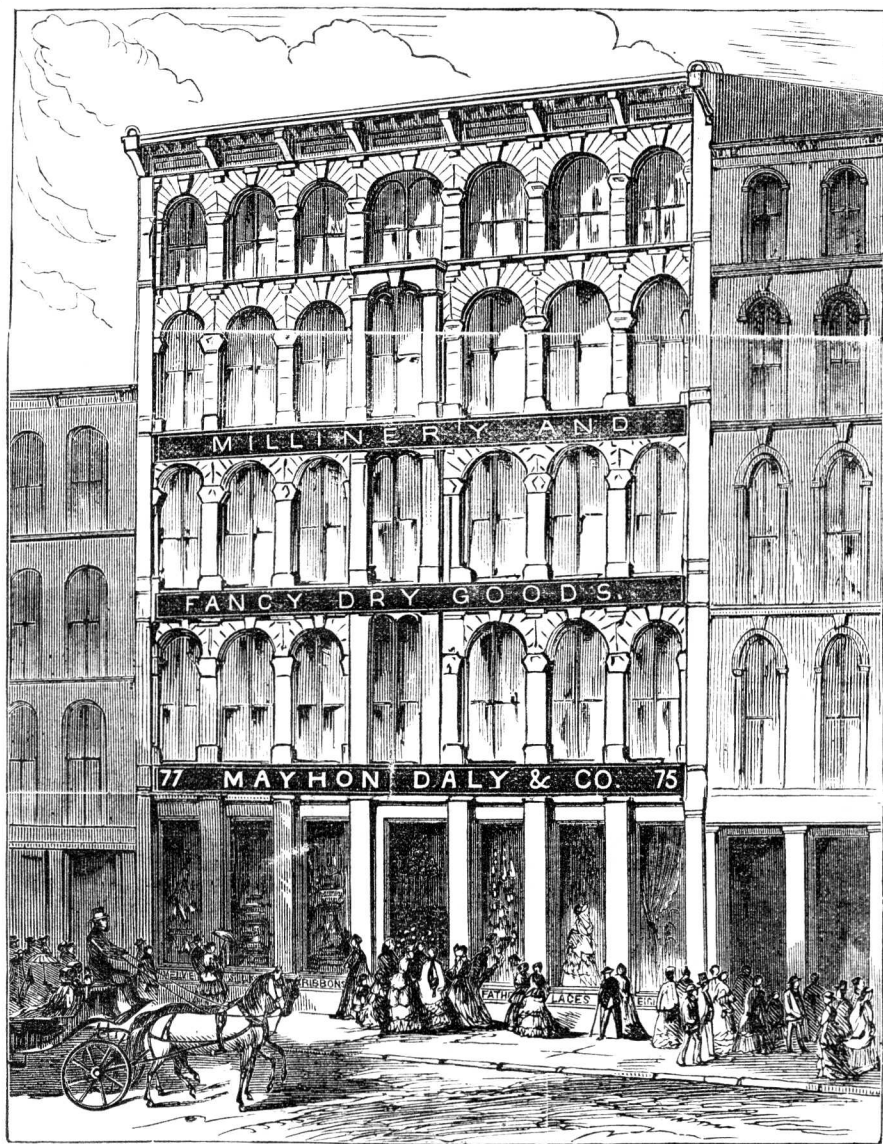
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